September 20, 1967

Dear Hal:

I'm still standing within the void of mobility; no word from Starr; my foundation crumbleth. It's time to move or watch the concrete harden.
What I think I should do is prepare a draft-proposal of a business management agreement between ALFIE ENT, LIMITED and yourself, based on my August 17th letter to you and your August 21st response, and expanded in the Prospectus.
As a somewhat adept logician, I perceive that no other mechanism will do, unless a miracle interveneS. Experience has it that Harold Weisberg does not wait around for such fantasies.
The more I view your past and current circumstance and trials the more I am convinced that there should not and cannot be a separation of any elements of a business nature; this means that the publishing and audio-visual are so completely interdependent on one-another, financially and promotionally, that to separate them would be a fiscal and tactical mistake. Let me explain: Albeit Dell is playing with your chips, there nonetheless exists a bona fide cashflow for investors to measure on a financial security/risk plane; that you have been a singular entity business-wise to date speaks well of your dedication, but it leaves much to be desired administratively. Remember, Lane's corporate apparatus is the cornerstone of his $ucce$$.
Therefore, if I attempt to promote the motion picture/TV rights as a single entity (and not as an integrated profit potential with the future publishing aspects), then the kind of money the <u>entire project needs</u> will be near impossible to generate. This is that "mercenary" side of this subject that is not only necessary, it is manditory.
I don't mean to harp my thesis to death -- BUT -- your success academically will be wholly dependent on your capacity to reach the people; it takes money and organization to do the kind of job required under these most oppressive of situations; and when you are resultantly successful in your pursuit, mounds of motly old money are the most material of byproducts.
There is unquestionably a price on everything on this earth; the fine line on which your support is dependent is that which separates the fear syndrome because of the elements you battle and the lust for boodle; oodles of boodle. You must recognize by

now that this is an irrefutable fact of life. Jack Kennedy paid with his because of this same ultimate question. His policies and actions were jeopardizing someone else's boodle; oodles and OODLES of the stuff. (For a printed copy of Christian Sermon #1,234,567, please send one dollar or Peso to "I was the secret Agent for Dick Daring; or how I got shot in 5.6 seconds." .....% Del Rio, Texas. Please, no trading stamps.) So, my friend, let us lift our eyes skyward and ask the etherial LBJ the question of our time: "Will the swallows come back to Capistrano forever, or will they wise up and get with the real Birds of Paradise alongside the lovely Perdinales, cha-cha-cha?" Got to go see my psychiatrist; he needs help. More than us. My best to the little lady with inky fingers.

Best Personal Regards,

John

P.S. The Evans/Novak piece may well speak a thousand as-yet-unsaid words to me by Jess; will try to see him later this month when I go to the desert for a couple of days.